

University Laconics.

School opened.

Everybody still at home.
Some of 'em come back, Filly didn't.
Waiters struck, Commandant cussed.
Gunter told a German joke.
Everybody went to sleep in Calculus.
Sanborn took his annual bath. Congratulations.
Neilson and Larson swept out.
Dean arrived from Jacksonville.
Futch didn't whistle. Chapped lips.
Capt. Cox took a mess hall biscuit to find the bottom of sink.

Kirk joined the Y. M. C. A.

Corbitt got up at 9:00 a. m. Insomnia.
N. Burns finished dinner in one hour wasn't hungry.

Jim Bryan says the side walk is too narrow. Why?

Ludwig skipped Physics.

Boniss caught the itch.

Had sausage for supper.

Had something to eat for dinner. Where?

Torossian had his hair cut.

Graham was present at Revell.

Coe lost his dinner. Anybody find it?

Thompson swore off smoking 10:30 p. m.

Thompson took a cigarette 6:00 a. m.

Forgot something. Had oysters last night.

Canova sang Dearie. Who clapped?

Roe.

Alderman increased Library of Dick Merriwells.

Bob Holly, the Elevator man says that in the two-step Futch is a "perfect lady."

Dougherty, Graham and Corbitt studied 15 minutes.

Exams begin. Large sick list.

Flunked.

To whom it may concern: King wrote the psalms.

Ask La Roche how he likes cabbage worms.

That great fuss out in the 5th section last Sunday night about 7:00 o'clock was only Winters putting on that green tie. Have you heard it?

Canova is another great fellow for coralling loose feeds. Only when he is hungry and feels like eating at some of his friends houses, he uses the telephone, tells them he is awful hungry, and will be there for supper. However he amply repays them kindness by singing "Dearie" for them.

Corbitt is another one that waits till suppertime before he makes a motion to leave.

The Mystic "87" have just organized.

One result of the Sunday afternoon lecture for men only. The following are officers: President R. Dean Jr; Vice President C. Kime; Secretary G. Ames; Treasurer J. Kirk; Critics Boniss and Albritson; Coach Prof. Corbitt. Meetings only once a week during revivals.

The Tennis Club has been getting busy this week, the Court now being ready for use.

The Grocery and meat dealers are heralding the approach of the 1st February with great joy, Ames and Corbitt resume eating breakfast on that date.

The very latest. Old Red Eye, The Major and Willis have got religion. They go to church on an average of twice a day now. They even go to the Children's and the "Experience" meetings.

Albritson is now the Champion Eater. He recently dined out. The butler upon being asked did he ever see any one eat like him replied—"No'am, not white folks." Must have eaten some, as he was in bed for two days after that.

Dr. Sellards had the misfortune to lose a very valuable box of specimens last week. They are being found very rapidly now however. La Roche found his long Cabbage Worm and Corbitt found the whole family of weavils last night. The Doctor has been advised to look in the kitchen. Possibly the box got placed in there.

Moreman has got a hair cut. Wonder why?

Who saw Canova and Tompkins drilling platoons Monday. Most as funny as Futch.

Erman got a shave. Guess he found a barber from Palm Beach.

Twitcher is a great one when it comes to engineering. Last Sunday afternoon he and Corbitt went around to a young lady's house intending to make only a short call. At 6:10 Twitcher got up to go just as the young lady started out to see the cook. When she came back the young girls were in the hall, hats in hand. They said that as supper was at 5:30 they would have to hurry away. With the first hint of an invitation to supper both put up their hats and stayed. The hostess told Corbitt to eat it all, and he did.

The following is the latest on the Missing Link: Dr. Sellards—Mr. Erman. With what one of the crustaceans are you most familiar? Mr. Erman. Why crabs, Dr. (explanation)—The Link is from Palm Beach—see.)

University Minstrels.

The boys of the University, with the aid of the best town genius intend to favor Gainesville shortly with a minstrel. The proceeds of the show will go to liquidate the base ball debts. The boys are just now organizing and we will give further particulars later. Let every body come, encourage local genius, and help out the Athletic Association. All jokes guaranteed to be modern. Talent debarrd: genius only determined the selection of performers.

Fraternity Notes.

Messrs. Frank Clark, Jr., Glenn Stringfellow, and Ralph Chapin represented the Alpha Omega chapter of this University at the grand A. T. O., Congress held at Birmingham during the holidays.

The Kappa Alpha Fraternity was entertained by Mr. J. S. Shands at his home on the night of the 22nd.

The members of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity with the representatives from the other Fraternities were entertained by Mr. Ralph Chapin on the night of the 21st, at his home in North Gainesville. Nearly every one present was accompanied by a lady friend and they all spent a very pleasant evening together.

University Societies.

W. C. T. U.

(Whiskey can't tumble us.)

President, Eugene Bryan; Vice President, Luther Holloway; Secretary, Tommy Thomson; Treasurer, Glen Stringfellow; Worthy Scribe, Roy Corbitt; Sergeant-at-arms, Larkin Carter; Trained Nurse, Pat Graham; Alumni, Dyal, King and King, Whidden and Clark. Meetings regular each Saturday night. Called meetings any time. Club rooms, the Express office. Colors, Blue (Ribbon) and Green (River).

Motto, "Quoth the Raven, Nevermore." Society yell; Bum liquor bum, bum liquor bum, more booze, better booze, yum, yum, yum. Chapter hymn, Magie. Moral, don't mix drinks.

By the Worthy Scribe.

Y. M. C. A.

President, S. E. Jenkins; Vice President, R. D. Rader; Secretary, L. C. Algee; Treasurer, W. B. Martin.

A Few Notes on Athletics at the University of Florida.

(By R. W. CORBETT, Athletic Editor.)

J. A. Forsyth, Athletic Director and Instructor. Eugene Bryan, President Athletic Association; Roy W. Corbett, Secretary; W. W. Gibbs, Treasurer.

Football Team 07.

Roy W. Corbett, Captain; J. S. Shands, Manager.

Baseball Team 07.

Captain not yet elected. G. M. Stringfellow, Manager.

Basket Ball Team 06 7.

W. W. Gibbs, acting Captain and Manager.

Track Team.

Not yet organized.

Baseball.

The baseball team is just now beginning to take shape, the managers having been elected and the diamond being almost ready for use. Every afternoon ten or twelve likely candidates for the Varsity nine are out on the campus bating 'em up and throwing the bases. All of the boys seem to take quite an interest in this—the characteristic American outdoor game. Even the Faculty are not wholly lacking in enthusiasm.

That there is very excellent material to choose a Varsity nine from, no one doubts. The infield positions can very easily be filled and there are several good fielders among the enthusiasts. What we need most of all is an A No 1 battery. It is just up to the students to get one. Especially do we need a good catcher. We have hopes of getting Martin, last year's backstop, to return to the University. I understand that Gainesville gives the baseball team unlimited support. Good. That is just what we need. Good substantial support. And now undergraduates, when the diamond is ready for use next week and a call is made for men to come out and at least try to make the team, come out in a bunch. Let each student see if he can't be the first man out there, and be the last one to whom the pink slip will be given, for everybody can't be on the Varsity. Be loyal men. The boys that make the team will have just lots of hard work to do. Now show your appreciation by giving them your hearty support. Go out to see them practice, encourage them all you can, and see if old "P" doesn't have a winning team. We have had one before. Now let's all get together and have even a better one in 1907.

Here's to the best man on the team for Captain, and may Stringfellow come out on top.

Did you ever hear Futch whistle? He is as proud of his ability in that line as Hathaway is of his brown suit and derby.

Why do the boys call Dean Gabriel Gallien?

Did you see Mr. Coe and Mr. Roe, on Wednesday morning. Made a handsome pair of heckman didn't they? Roe had a hair cut, a shave and a clean face and a collar. Wonder why?

Hathaway's favorite expletive, "Run, you jackasses."

What Stephens can't tell you about Macalay is not worth knowing. Ask Martin about it.

J. Thomas Hathaway hasn't been hazed yet.

On January 15 the first meeting of the Sub-Freshman class was held. Mr. Ludewig acting as temporary chairman called the class to order and stated the object of the meeting, which was to elect class officers, also captain and manager for the Sub-Freshman base ball team. The following were elected class officers. H. M. Ludewig, President; Chas. D. Kime, Vice-president; H. L. Futch, Secretary; A. I. Roe was elected Captain and Roy Daniels, Manager of the Sub Freshman base ball team.

At a second meeting held Jan. 22, it was decided that the base ball team begin practice as early as possible. A game between this team and that of the High School is planned for the near future.

LEGENDARY DEVICES.

How Strange Animals Appeared in Heraldry in Old Days.

Early writers on natural history subjects make mention of many strange creatures that never could have existed save in the superstitious mind of the age in which they wrote, and of the many that did exist the accounts of their structure and habits are so ludicrous that one may really wonder if it was possible, even in the middle ages, that people could be so credulous. Many of these strangely garbled records of the animal world were, no doubt, due to travelers' tales and probably had a certain foundation in fact, but it is difficult indeed to account for the creation of such things as the phoenix, the cockatrice, the wyvern, the griffin and the dragon. The belief in the existence of the unicorn may have originated from the fact of some of the early African travelers meeting with certain antelopes that had lost a horn, for it is a peculiarity with most antelopes that their horns are never shed and if injured or broken never grow again.

The horn, growing out of the forehead, betwixt the eyelids, is neither light nor hollow nor yet smooth like other horns, but hard as iron, rough as any file, revolved into many plights; sharper than any dart, straight and not crooked and everywhere black, except at the point.

Bartholomew asserted that there were many varieties of unicorn, and this would be feasible if this creature had been created from those horned beasts that had accidentally lost one of the horns.

How the phoenix was called into being it would be impossible to hazard a guess. It was popularly supposed that there was only one such creature existing in the whole universe and that there was only one tree in which it built its nest. We find mention of the phoenix as far back as Pliny, who says, "Howbeit, I cannot tell what to make of him; and, first of all, whether it be a tale or no, that is never but one of them in the whole world, and the same not commonly seen."

In the fifteenth century we find Bartholomew writing of this imaginary bird:

"Phoenix is a large bird, and there is but one kind in all the wide world, therefore lewd men wonder thereof. Phoenix is a bird without mate (mate) and liveth 800 or 900 years. When the which years he passed she feeleth her default and feebleness and maketh a nest of sweet smelling sticks that be full dry, and in summer when the western wind bloweth the sticks and the nest be set on fire with burning heat of the sun and burneth strongly."

The bird then allows itself to be reduced to ashes in this fire—on this point all the writers agree—and in due course rises again from the ashes in the full glory of renewed youth "and is the most fairest bird that is, most like to the peacock in feathers, and loveth wilderness and gathereth his meat of clean greens and fruits."

The basilisk, or cockatrice, was reputed to be some strange mixture of a bird and serpent, able to slay with his breath and his sight, which power was accredited by some to dragons.—Westminster Gazette.

A Persistent Nest Builder.

One of the most energetic nest builders is the marsh wren; in fact, he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work either. Look among the cattails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city, and you will find his little woven balls of reed stems, with a tiny round hole in one side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as roosting places for himself.—Recreation.

Played by the Wind.

The natives of North Borneo convert a long bamboo into an Eolian harp by cutting slots in the bamboo above each joint, setting it up so as to easily turn on its axis and keeping the apertures constantly facing the wind by means of a rudder or fantail similar to that used on an American windmill. The music from this harp on a windy day is most pleasing, the notes from the larger holes giving a deep creaking sound.

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THE PATIENT OYSTER.

Its Beard the Tool With Which It Builds Its Shell Home.

There seems to be very little chance for poetry to linger around the luscious bivalve, yet Keats vividly conjures up the pale silence of the ocean depths with his reference to the "poor, patient oyster where it sleeps." Patient indeed and immovable in its ocean bed, yet not always sleeping.

The body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all. Yet what a marvelous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame!

For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, never by his flat shell, and being once fixed he begins to grow. But he only grows in summer.

Inspect an oyster shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so do the markings on an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea. The way in which an oyster grows his shell is a pretty sight.

The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—i. e., his lungs—but also his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with its four lips.

When the warm, calm days of June come the oyster opens his shell and by means of his beard begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more until at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell.

When oysters are growing their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on the finger from an oyster shell is often very dangerous.—Scrap Book.

Tall Stories.

A couple of witty fellows were conversing together recently, and their arguments finally occasioned a bet between them. Each agreed to tell a peculiar incident, and the reciter of the strongest episode was to receive the stakes, a sovereign. No. 1 commenced and said he knew a lady who was "turned into wood."

"Impossible!" said No. 2. "Explain yourself."

"You see," was the reply, "the lady was placed on a vessel, and then she was a-board!"

"Very good," said No. 2, "but listen to this: Once I knew a man who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, but last week he regained speech in one minute."

"Nonsense!" rejoined No. 1. "But proceed."

"Well," replied No. 2, "the man I mean went into a bicycle shop with a friend, and, stooping down, he picked up a wheel and spoke."

London Telegraph.

When Tea Was Medicine.

Before tea became cheap enough to be considered a drink it was largely used as a medicine. A familiar advertisement in the London Tatler used to proclaim a "famous chymical quintessence of Bobee tea and cocoanuts together, wherein the volatile salt, oil and spirit of both" formed "the highest restorative that either food or physic affords."

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